

CEREMONY

AT THE

SEALING OF THE CENTURY BOX

BY THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,

IN

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON,

ON THE EVENING OF FOREFATHERS' DAY, DECEMBER 22, 1881,

TO BE TRANSMITTED TO THEIR SUCCESSORS IN 1900.

BOSTON:

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,

NO. 34 SCHOOL STREET

1882.

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TO THE COMPANY.

THE demands made for a record of the proceedings attending the ceremony of Sealing the Century Box, coming as they have from Historical Societies and individuals interested in the collection and preservation of such material, prompted the Committee to issue an edition previous to its publication in the Annual Record for 1881-2.

THE COMMITTEE.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Boston was about to take place, precedents were looked for. It was found that very meagre accounts of previous celebrations had come down to us. Even of the two hundredth anniversary, but very brief mention is made in the newspapers of the day. The general public were not interested then as they are now in ceremonies and parades. But our predecessors of that date, foreseeing as we do to-day that those who will follow us in fifty and one hundred years will be interested to know the part the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company took in the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, placed upon the records of the company the names in full of those who served at their celebration. It was the reading of that record that suggested to us the collecting and sending to our successors a full account of the proceedings of our day, and such other matters of interest as we might gather.

To carry out this idea, a committee was appointed and entered at once upon their duty. At their first meeting, the subject opened to them as one of great interest. During the winter of 1880 and the spring of 1881, they held many meetings; the programme was arranged for the collecting of material, and for the writing of "letters missive" relating to our time and the progress that has been made during the brief existence of the country.

The gentlemen invited to write were busy men, deeply engaged in their several callings. Some of the papers required much time in the preparation; therefore it was not until nearly the end of November, 1881, that the committee could fix upon a time for closing the box containing the collection for our successors in 1980.

The Commander having been informed that the committee were ready to report, issued an order calling the company together, which was responded to by a large meeting. The report of the committee was presented and accepted, and the committee were instructed to make arrangements for the closing of the box. They immediately reported Faneuil Hall as the place, and the evening of Forefathers' Day, Dec. 22, the time.

It will be observed that we selected as Forefathers' Day, Dec. 22, notwithstanding it has of late years been well established that our ancestors of the last century were in error in fixing on that day as the anniversary of the Landing at Plymouth. They omitted to drop one day more from the calendar after 1699, as was ordained that it should be done at the adoption of New Style. We availed ourselves of the old date, as many of the gentlemen we desired to be present were engaged to take part in the various celebrations of the 21st.

The arrangements having been completed, the Commander issued his notification to the company:—

ARMORY
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, Dec. 15, 1881.

Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company are hereby notified that the ceremony of Sealing the Century Box, containing papers and letters missive incident to our time and to the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Boston, to be transmitted to our successors in 1980, will take place on the evening of Forefathers' Day, Dec. 22, at Faneuil Hall.

Addresses may be expected from his Excellency Gov. Long, his Honor Mayor Prince, and several other distinguished gentlemen, and a poem by one of our members. Music by Reeves' American Band. Members are particularly requested to appear in full uniform.

ADMISSION WILL BE BY TICKET ONLY.

By command of

CAPT. WM. H. CUNDY.

GEO. H. ALLEN,
Lieut. and Clerk.

The Committee on Invitations extended the following to various military, naval, and civic officers, citizens, and ladies:—

ARMORY
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, Dec. 17, 1881.

DEAR SIR:

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company presents its compliments, and requests the company of yourself and lady at the ceremony of Sealing the Century Box, containing papers and letters missive relating to our time and to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Boston, to be transmitted to our successors in 1980. The ceremony will take place in Faneuil Hall, on the evening of Forefathers' Day, Dec. 22, 1881, and will include addresses, a poem, music, etc.

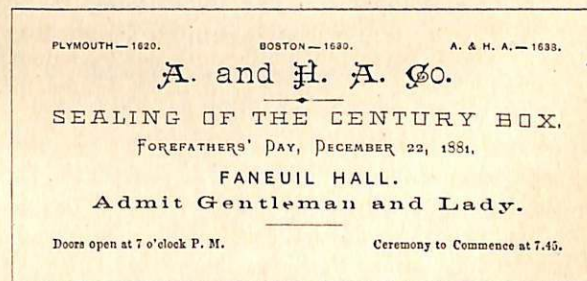
Military and naval guests are requested to appear in uniform.

The hall will be open at 7 o'clock. Ceremony to commence at 7.45.

Please present the enclosed ticket at the door. Seats reserved until 7.30 o'clock.

CAPT. WILLIAM H. CUNDY, } *Committee*
COL. EDWARD WYMAN, } *on*
LIEUT. GEO. H. ALLEN, } *Invitations.*

Please reply.



Faneuil Hall was handsomely decorated with bunting and flags. The colors of the company were displayed upon the platform; the front of the gallery covered with red and white horizontal stripes; the ceiling half hidden by party-colored streamers. These, with the various other decora-

tions, gave the old "Cradle of Liberty" its gayest holiday attire.

Notwithstanding that the evening was very wet and disagreeable, a company of more than one thousand ladies and gentlemen were present. The larger part of the gentlemen were in full military or naval uniform; this, combined with the elegant dresses of the ladies and the decorations of the hall, produced a most brilliant scene.

It was estimated that there were present over three hundred members of the corps, accompanied by ladies. In addition to whom, and exclusive of those distinguished persons who took part in the exercises, there were present on the platform and in the audience, Judge George P. Sanger, commander in 1854; Col. Arnold A. Rand; Capt. A. Morris and Lieut. E. S. Chapin, of the 4th U. S. Artillery; Ex-Mayor Joseph M. Wightman; Lieut. Col. J. H. Kendrick, Providence Light Infantry; Col. A. P. Martin, aide-de-camp to His Excellency Governor John D. Long, and commander in 1878; Past Commanders George O. Carpenter, Albert A. Folsom, John L. Stevenson, and Charles W. Wilder; Lieut. George H. Allen, Clerk of the Company; Thomas Minns, Esq.; Hon. Thomas L. Jenks; Hon. John E. Fitzgerald; Capt. H. C. Cook, 2d U. S. Infantry; Lieut. O. B. Boyd, 8th U. S. Cavalry; Hon. Robert R. Bishop, President of State Senate; Major Henry C. Merrill, commander, and a delegation from the Amoskeag Veterans, of Manchester, N. H., including Ex-Governors Frederick Smyth and Natt Head; Major Aaron D. Capen; William H. Baldwin, Esq., President Young Men's Christian Union; Isaac Fenno, Esq.; Hon. Charles W. Slack, President Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association; Lieut. Col. Joseph A. Dalton, of Salem; Henry W. Hartwell, Esq.; Col. Seth J. Thomas; Dr. Morrill Wyman; William A. Wilcox, Esq.; Charles H. Pattee, Esq.; Capt. John Pitman and Capt. J. G. Butler, U. S. Ordnance Department; Chief Engineer Joseph Trille, U. S. Navy; Col. Benjamin F. Peach, Jr., 8th Regt. Mass. Volunteer Militia; and many other citizens of Boston and vicinity, officers of the United States army and navy and the militia of the commonwealth.

PLYMOUTH—1620.

BOSTON—1630.

A. & H. A. CO.—1638.

ORDER OF EXERCISES
AT THE
SEALING OF THE CENTURY BOX

BY THE
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company
OF MASSACHUSETTS,

In Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the Evening of Forefathers' Day, Thursday, Dec. 22, 1881.

HALL OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK. CEREMONY TO COMMENCE AT 7.45.

MUSIC.

The following selections will be given by the AMERICAN BAND of Providence, D. W. REEVES, Leader, previous to the opening ceremony.

1. GRAND MARCH. "Wedding" *Mendelssohn.*
2. OVERTURE. "De Concours" *Hertzeele.*
3. TONGEMALDE. "Germans before Paris" *Treukler.*
4. CORNET SOLO. "Arbucklenian" (Mr. B. R. Church) . . . *Hartmann.*

INTRODUCTORY.

COMMANDER WILLIAM H. CUNDY.

TRANSFER OF THE BOX.

COL. EDWARD WYMAN, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE.

RESPONSE.

COMMANDER WILLIAM H. CUNDY.

ADDRESS.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR JOHN D. LONG.

ADDRESS.

HIS HONOR MAYOR FREDERICK O. PRINCE.

ADDRESS.

COL. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

SEALING OF THE BOX.

MUSIC, "OLD HUNDRED."

POEM.

PAST COMMANDER MAJOR CHARLES W. STEVENS.

ADDRESS.

HENRY P. KIDDER, ESQ.

ADDRESS.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON.

MUSIC, "AMERICA."

The Audience will rise and join in the Singing.

My country, 't is of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From every mountain-side Let freedom ring.	Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills,— My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.	Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light,— Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

"TAPS."

OFFICERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, 1881-1882.

Capt. WILLIAM H. CUNDY, *Commander.*Major HENRY G. JORDAN, *1st Lieut.* Lieut. THOMAS F. TEMPLE, *2d Lieut.*Lieut. EDWARD E. ALLEN, *Adjutant.*

STAFF.

Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN	Clerk.
Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME	Treasurer.
Sergt. GEORGE P. MAY	Quartermaster.
Major MELVILLE E. WEBB	Surgeon.
Lieut. JOHN SULLIVAN	Assistant Surgeon.
Lieut. THOMAS RESTIEAUX, Jr.	Assistant Surgeon.
Lieut. JAMES P. FROST	Sergeant-Major.
Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK	Quartermaster-Sergeant.
Sergt. JAMES H. SMITH	Commissary-Sergeant.
Lieut. JOHN T. MORIARTY	Hospital Steward.

SERGEANTS.

INFANTRY.
Lieut. WARREN S. DAVIS,
Lieut. NEWELL A. THOMPSON,
Sergt. A. C. BETTELKY,
Lieut. EUGENE H. RICHARDS,
Corp. ISAAC D. DANA,

ARTILLERY.
Lieut. WILLIAM D. HOLBROOK,
Mr. GEORGE G. STRATTON,
Hon. WILLIAM T. VAN NOSTRAND,
Sergt. FRED. H. ADAMS,
Mr. GEORGE W. SPAULDING,
Sergt. J. ALBA DAVIS.

COMMITTEE ON THE CENTURY BOX.

Col. EDWARD WYMAN,	Major CHARLES W. STEVENS,
Capt. JOHN L. STEVENSON,	Capt. ALBERT A. FOLSOM,
Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN.	

MARSHAL.

Capt. SAMUEL HICHBORN.

AIDS.

Capt. GEORGE O. NOYES,	Lieut. NEWELL A. THOMPSON,
Lieut. GEORGE H. GIBSON,	Mr. A. K. TOLMAN,
Capt. WARREN S. DAVIS,	Mr. J. FRED. SAMPSON,
Major JOHN McDONOUGH,	Mr. A. S. DINSMORE.

CEREMONY.

At the appointed hour, Commander Capt. WILLIAM HENRY CUNDY, accompanied by his officers, past commanders, and distinguished guests, entered the hall, the band playing "Hail to the Chief" as the official party took their seats upon the platform.

COMMANDER CUNDY'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, and Honored Guests,—Words of welcome to an assembly in Faneuil Hall would seem never to be misplaced. In the name of the corps I have the distinction to represent, I bid you welcome, thrice welcome, to the home of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [Applause.] The committee having in charge the ceremonies of this evening have, in my judgment, made happy selection of the date for their observance,—the two hundred and sixty-first anniversary of the landing at Plymouth, which event occurred only ten years before the settlement of Boston, and eighteen years prior to the charter of this company. The exercises promise to be of such an interesting character that I am quite sure you are already anxious to have them commenced; and therefore I shall not take up your time further than to thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the generous response to the invitation to be present,—a response which is seen in the gathering, on this rainy night, of more than one thousand persons. [Applause.] It now belongs to Col. Edward Wyman, chairman of the committee appointed about a year ago, to open the ceremony and transfer the box, the preparation of which has been so carefully attended to by him. I have the pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, of presenting to you Past Commander Col. EDWARD WYMAN, chairman of the Committee on the Century Box. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF COL. EDWARD WYMAN.

Mr. Commander, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Of the many gatherings within these walls, probably not one has been for a purpose similar to this which calls us here this evening. At the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Boston, the Ancient and Honorable

Artillery Company was the escort of the city's procession. On the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, they were again invited to perform the same duty; and at a meeting of the company which was held early in September, 1880, for the purpose of making arrangements for the parade, it was stated by the clerk that the names of those on duty at the two hundredth anniversary were on the records. Our commander, then Major Charles W. Stevens, proposed that a roll of those doing duty on the coming anniversary should be prepared and transmitted to our successors in 1980. This was the key-note to the work we have undertaken.

It may not be uninteresting to refer for a moment to the roll of those on duty at the anniversary of 1830. It bears the names of Capt. Parker H. Pierce and eighty-four officers and men who served in the company, and of ten who performed other duties. Of these, thirteen survived the fifty years, and the larger part of them were present at the dinner in our armory after the parade. Many of these gentlemen are still active in their various walks of life. Some of them are the foremost men of our day in their particular callings. One, born in the last century, is still dispensing knowledge upon that most important branch of agriculture to which he has devoted his long life; his words are full of instruction, and his smile is a benediction to all who meet him.* Another has just now manifested all his youthful glow, adding to it the accumulated learning of lengthened years, and has gained a new jewel in his oratorical chaplet by his eloquent oration at Yorktown.† And still another, who has borne the highest honors the city has to bestow, is full of active interest in all that tends to her honor and advancement.‡ He says, in reply to the invitation to join with us in the celebration of 1880: "I regret it will not be in my power to meet you in Faneuil Hall. At the last celebration of the founding of Boston, I had been a member of the company for seven years; but as I was an aid to Gov. Lincoln, I was unable to appear in the ranks. So far as I know, I am the only person then clad with the dignity of an official position that still survives to witness another celebration."

From what has been stated of the longevity and activity of the survivors of our roll, it must be apparent that the surest guaranty of enjoying a long, robust, and honorable life is to join the "Ancients." If our predecessors of one hundred years ago had sent down to us a box to be opened in 1880, showing, as it would have done, their belief in the perpetuity of this organization, how great would have been the interest of our waiting, year after year, for the day to come when we could see with our own eyes what theirs had looked upon a century before. Can we not imagine them saying, "What will they think of us?" They did not do it for us, but we will do it for our successors.

* Hon. Marshall P. Wilder.

† Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

‡ Hon. Josiah Quincy.

At a meeting of the company, held Sept. 13, 1880, the following votes were unanimously adopted:—

Voted, That the clerk be and is hereby directed to prepare rolls giving the name, place of birth, age, and military or civic title of every member doing duty in the company on the occasion of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Boston; and also a roll of the members doing duty in other organizations, or in any official capacity on that day, giving their names, places of birth, age, and military or civic title, and stating the duty performed.

Voted, That a committee of four be appointed by the commander to take charge of the rolls, and to collect such documents, papers, and material as they may think desirable to transmit to our successors, and cause the same to be enclosed in copper or tin boxes: one to be addressed to the commander of the year 1930, and the other to the commander of the year 1980. The box for 1980 may be enclosed in that for 1930, with the request that it be forwarded.

The Commander appointed as the committee, Col. Edward Wyman, Capt. John L. Stevenson, Capt. Albert A. Folsom, and Lieut. George H. Allen. By vote of the company, Commander Stevens was added to the committee.

In conformity with these votes, our clerk, Lieut. George H. Allen, has prepared with great care and labor a roll of those who served in connection with the city's celebration. It is a most interesting document, giving the name, date, place of birth, residence, and occupation of each member of the company on duty, and the nature of the duty performed. From it we find that Major Charles W. Stevens and one hundred and ninety-two officers and men appeared in the company; that Col. Augustus P. Martin, and forty-five others as aids and marshals, assisted in the ordering of the procession; that one was on the staff of his Excellency the commander in chief, and fourteen as officers of the militia, making a total of two hundred and fifty-four on duty. We find that the places of birth were in each of the New England States, in New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick; in England, Ireland, France, Germany, Prussia, Italy, Spain, and St. Helena. The dates of birth range from 1798 to 1854. The oldest was eighty-three, and the youngest twenty-seven. Thirty-five were sixty years and upward. In addition to this is a full roll of present membership.

Some thirty gentlemen were invited to write papers upon various subjects of public interest. One of the distinguished citizens of this commonwealth, when invited to write, replied that he had been asked to do almost everything, but never before to write a poem to be enclosed in a box, and not to be read for one hundred years. He would undertake it, as he personally did not fear the criticisms of his readers at that remote period. The following have been written:—

1. Poem, by His Excellency Governor John D. Long.
2. "The Relation of Government to Education in the United States," President Charles W. Eliot, Harvard University.
3. "The Religious Condition of Boston," Rev. Edward Everett Hale.
4. "Recollections of Boston," Hon. Josiah Quincy.
5. "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Past and Present," Major Ben: Perley Poore.
6. "Manners and Customs," Rev. Edward A. Horton.
7. "Art in Boston," Charles C. Perkins.
8. "Architecture," Henry Walter Hartwell.
9. "Army of the United States," Brevet Brig.-Gen. Alanson Merwin Randol.
10. "Militia of Massachusetts," Adj.-Gen. Abraham Hun Berry.
11. "Boston Fire Department, Past and Present," Hon. John E. Fitzgerald.
12. "Railroads and Railroad Interests," Capt. Albert A. Folsom.
13. "Progress of New England Agriculture," Hon. Marshall Pinkney Wilder.
14. "Bar, Law, and Lawyers," Col. Seth James Thomas.
15. "Medicine and Surgery," Morrill Wyman, M. D.
16. "Amusements," Charles H. Pattee.
17. "Secret Societies," Capt. John Lindsay Stevenson.
18. "Finance, War Debt, and Stocks," Henry P. Kidder.
19. "Commerce and Navigation," Capt. Robert Bennett Forbes.
20. "Commerce, Ships, and Navigation," Hon. Alanson Wilder Beard.
21. "Rise and Growth of the Clothing Business," Isaac Fenno.
22. "Sketch of Rise and Progress of the Manufacture of Wool," George William Bond.
23. "Shoe and Leather Business," Col. Augustus P. Martin.
24. "Fisheries and Fishing Interests," William A. Wilcox.
25. "Paper and Paper Making," his Honor Byron Weston.
26. Letter from Commander in 1880, Major Charles W. Stevens, to Commander in 1980.
27. "Report of the Committee on Box for 1980," Col. Edward Wyman, chairman.

These papers contain a vast amount of valuable information, which would be of great interest to the reader of to-day; but as they are written only for our successors, the committee has requested the writers not to keep copies, as it is desired that those for whom they are intended shall get the first knowledge of their contents from reading the manuscripts. I may mention that one of the papers, abounding in statistics, must have taken weeks of time to compile. The paper on architecture has thirty-two photographs of public buildings, some of them old in our day; and before these papers will again be seen, many of them will have been demolished, and not one stone left upon another. All are of great interest; and when I state that they comprise about nine hundred pages, some idea may be formed of the amount of labor that has been bestowed upon them. Some of the superscriptions are elegant specimens of penmanship, well worthy to be handed down as showing the state of this art in our day. I desire, in the name of the committee, to take this public occasion

to thank the authors who have given us so much of their valuable assistance and enabled us to carry out our undertaking.

We have collected newspapers giving a very full account of the city's celebration in 1880, maps and plans of the city, papers giving an account of the wounding and death of our lamented President Garfield, several books and documents, various mementos, including the badges worn by our commander and the chief marshal of the day on the 17th of September, 1880, and a fine photograph of the present First Church in Boston, with the inscription, "1630 to 1880."

We desire to send to our future friends something of a material nature. It must of necessity be small in quantity, but of a quality warranted to keep. The articles we have selected may convince them that we appreciated the good things of this world,—a fact which, we presume, is not doubted by our contemporaries; and if we may judge by what we hear of the distinguished corps from which our own has descended, the Honorable Artillery Company of London, we are, in this respect, "worthy sons of noble sires." We may fondly hope that our successors of one hundred years hence may celebrate their June anniversary in this grand old hall, with the same pleasure and social good cheer that we enjoy, and that they may indulge in the same glorious anticipations for the future of this great nation. To remind them of us, and what may seem to them our little day, we send to the company of 1930 and that of 1980 a small quantity of coffee and a few cigars, which, as they sip and smoke, may cause a smile at the simplicity of their comrades of 1880.

The question will naturally be asked, Who is to have the care of this box? We know of no safer custodian than our own company. We know of no organization or institution which is more likely to be maintained, so long as the necessity shall continue for fostering the military spirit, than the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. That the box may be constantly brought to mind, it will be placed in charge of a committee of the company, whose duty it will be to see that it is properly cared for and transmitted. This committee shall annually, in the month of May, examine the box, and report to the company its condition and as to its safety. As to the directions for opening, we shall not follow the example, as the story goes, of a gentleman who had prepared a box to be opened at some future time, and deposited it with an institution for safe keeping. Some years after, the gentleman who had it in charge thought it might be well to ask when it was to be opened. He was answered that "the directions have been written out in full, and are inside."

The address and the instructions for the opening of our box are engraved upon the top, and are as follows:—

TO THE COMMANDER

OF THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts

FOR 1980-1981:

*The contents of this box have been collected in accordance with
a vote of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery
Company, passed Sept. 13, 1880.*

SEALED IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON,

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND, 1881.

Not to be opened until September seventeenth, 1980.

Committee:

Colonel EDWARD WYMAN, Captain JOHN LINDSAY STEVENSON,
Major CHARLES WOODBURY STEVENS, Captain ALBERT ALONZO FOLSOM,
Lieutenant GEORGE HENRY ALLEN.
Commander 1881-1882, Captain WILLIAM HENRY CUNDY.

This box is of heavy copper, tinned outside and in, and was made by our comrade, Samuel Dexter Hicks, and by him presented to the company. The box for 1930 will be made of sufficient size to receive the one we close to-night, and such other matter as we may leave for those who will represent us fifty years hence, and a letter from the committee requesting that the box for 1980 shall be properly cared for and sent forward unopened.

Mr. Commander, your committee has discharged the duty assigned it to the best of its ability, and now commits this box and its contents to your charge, requesting that it may be closed in this presence with such ceremony as you may think appropriate. If our hopes for its preservation shall be realized, when again the light of day shall rest upon its contents, to use the sentiment of one long since departed, but whose eloquent words are still music in our ears, "The same sun that has lighted our pathway will light those who will then occupy our places, and the same ocean will roll at their feet; but all else, how changed!"

Col. Wyman's address was frequently interrupted with the heartiest applause.

REPLY OF COMMANDER CUNDY.

Capt. Cundy, who had been standing during the closing portion of the preceding address, spoke as follows, in response to Col. Wyman:—

Col. Wyman and Gentlemen of the Committee.—The report just presented so fully and concisely states your doings and their results,

which have brought us to the present interesting period in these proceedings, that little remains for me to say. In accepting the temporary custody of this precious charge, I feel it my duty to extend to the committee the thanks of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company for the very thorough manner in which the work has been performed. I am of the opinion that few persons in this assemblage have the remotest idea of the amount of time that has been given to the preparation of this box, especially by the chairman of the committee [*applause*], and the labor that has been invested in the many documents that are contained in this curious gift to our successors. By the action of this company, in the sealing of this box, to be transmitted to those who are to come after us, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has given a pledge that it is to live on,—aye, for a hundred years at least. [*Applause.*] In 1638,—I do not propose to cover a history from that to the present time,—at the first Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company election, it rained in torrents, the earth did quake, dishes were thrown from the shelves, and men and women with difficulty could stand on their feet. I presume that at no time has this company stood a more severe shock than it did at the very beginning. That its foundations were broad and deep is evinced by its strength to-day; and in full hope of the future we transmit this box, with no fear but that the company will be in existence, and strong enough to open it, a hundred years hence. [*Loud applause.*] A company born of such stock as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, trained and nourished by such men as have watched over and cared for it since its inception and organization, must have life and vital force enough to last for centuries to come. [*Applause.*] In the beginning, out from Harvard College, from the shipyard, from the mechanic's bench, from the counting-room, from the store came the scholar, the artisan, the man of wealth and active business who formed this company; and to-day are represented in its ranks almost every branch of business and department of life. I accept your trust, Col. Wyman and gentlemen of the committee, on behalf of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Corner-stone boxes have been stolen, and things living and dead have been spirited away at various times and held for ransom; but I trust no such fate awaits this memento of to-day, and that it will ever be guarded with sacred vigilance. [*Applause.*]

THE COMMANDER.—There are so many days observed now, my friends, as the date of the landing of the Pilgrims, that we are without our governor, who intended to be here, but he has gone to New York, where both the 21st and the 22d of December are being observed by the New England Societies as Forefathers' Day. Before his departure, however, he informed the chairman of the committee that if he were not present himself, his chief of staff would be here to respond for him; and now, in the absence of the governor, I have the honor to present to you Major Gen. A. Hun Berry. [*Applause.*]

SPEECH OF GEN. BERRY.

Mr. Commander, and Ladies and Gentlemen,—I can most heartily echo your wish that his Excellency the governor could be present with us, for the eloquent words that he would have uttered on this occasion would give additional pleasure to these exercises.

My heart sank within me last evening when I received the detail to be present to-night to represent him, for I thought how feeble would be my words in contrast with those which your anticipations have led you to expect from his lips.

As I sat thinking of this occasion, there came into my mind the events through which this honorable corps has passed. My thoughts wandered back over the centuries that have elapsed since it was founded; and the mental tableaux that were presented I will ask you to look at with me as they rise, and see this ancient company pass and repass, as year after year it has marched across this ancient hall.

See with what delight that squad of your charter members steps out, each with his "well-fixt firelock, snapsack, his collar with twelve bandoleers, a cartouch box with a pound of good powder, twenty balls, twelve flints, a good sword or cut lace, a worm, and a priming wire fit for his gun." Watch the movements in which their captain has instructed them in the four annual trainings; for he has "exercised them in the use of arms, firing at marks, and other military exercises," as the law of his day requires. Watch that other squad,—veterans of the Revolution; see them step out and execute the different movements; listen to the commands, to "Prime and load in fifteen motions"; "Prime"; "Shut your pans"; "Poise your firelocks"; "Present"; "Fire." That was finely done, and the short rest is well earned. Listen now for the next command: "Take care." See with what alertness they take the position of the soldier; and now as they march off, admire the graceful and crablike oblique step. Did you notice the officers? how carefully they have complied with the requirements of the national militia law,—which, by the way, is in force to-day,—in the matter of armament; see with what grace they bear their espontoons; with what ease they sling their hangers to their belts, and look with what a jaunty air they carry their fuses on their shoulders.

Now the squads come thicker and faster, and younger and younger men compose their ranks; veterans all, however, and heroes of New Orleans, Monterey, and Gettysburg. Friends and neighbors are before you now; and as the well-remembered evolutions are performed, the phantom applause of by-gone days sounds familiarly on their ears. The mysteries of the facings, with and without doubling, have already taken their places by the side of the tactics of their predecessors,—Scott, Cooper, Hanson, and Steuben. This boyish squad will initiate you into the secrets of Upton; will expatiate on the merits of the different breech-

loading rifles; will talk learnedly about trajectories, dangerous spaces, centres, inners, and outers; and even if asked the direction of the wind, instead of saying in good nautical language that it is north, south, east by west, they will tell you that it is twelve, three, six, or nine o'clock.

What of the future? Are the battles of the Russo-Turkish war but the feeble types of the wars that are to follow? Will the magazine and the machine gun pour their leaden hail into the air at such a range as to be effective before the long-range rifles of to-day can be brought to bear? Will your successor, Mr. Commander, look back on this gathering and bring up our blue-coated boys, with their breech-loading rifles, and show the absurdity of attempting to discipline the militia under a law which had become obsolete years before? Will there still be that feeling among employers that there is a discount on those young men who are doing their duty to the State, and not a premium, as there should be, on those who are learning that prompt and unhesitating obedience is one of the keys to success? [*Applause.*] Let us trust not, but let us hope that a better future awaits the militia; and that long ere this box is opened, it will have taken its proper place as one of the foundation stones of civil liberty. [*Applause.*]

THE COMMANDER.—A gentleman is here who has filled the chief office of the city of Boston for the past three years. [*Applause.*] I know of no audience that has gathered in this city since he has been mayor which has not greeted him heartily when he has appeared before it. Nowhere has he been more cordially received than by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and I am certain the Ancients and their friends will all share equally with me in the pleasure I now have of presenting his Honor Frederick O. Prince. [*Loud applause and cheers.*]

The band played "Home, sweet Home," and Mayor Prince then spoke as follows:—

ADDRESS OF MAYOR PRINCE.

I am very happy to be present at the sealing of the century box of the Ancients, although I fear that imperative engagements elsewhere will deprive me of the pleasure of seeing it opened. I presume, however, that all this company except the Ancients, who are immortal, will also be absent from the ceremony for like reason; but I am not going to be unhappy about it,—notwithstanding the benevolence of my character,—after the example of the Persian prince, who is said to have wept because none of the millions of his army would survive after a century had passed away.

We shall all, however, be interested at the breaking of the seals and the exhibition of the contents of this box a hundred years hence; some, I suppose, looking down from their future abodes,—and some, I fear, look-

ing up to the place of opening. What a strange exhibition they will then see! This vast country will be occupied by hundreds of millions of people, all enjoying as now, I trust, the blessings of civil and religious liberty. The transatlantic world will also rejoice in the same happiness; for resistance to the spread of just ideas of the nature of government and of the political rights of the people—ideas which have made the country what it is—cannot be maintained a century longer even in the most benighted and barbaric countries. Peace will then probably obtain to a greater extent than ever before in the history of the world; for the progress of civilization and the invention of engines of vast destructive capacity will make wars infrequent if not improbable. The moral sciences will doubtless be so developed that moral truth will be better understood, and human conduct more largely influenced thereby, so that man shall give more evidence than at present that he is, what Inspiration asserts him to be, but a little lower than the angels in the scale of being. Natural science will be developed not only beyond our most sanguine expectations, but our most extravagant dreams. What conveniences will be designed for the uses of man, what wants will be created and supplied! Perhaps we shall then travel through the air as we now travel over the sea; and space will be so annihilated that those who are antipodal to us can not only talk to us but pay each other semi-weekly visits. After the wonderful triumphs of the sciences and arts during the last century, who would dare to place boundaries beyond which mind shall not travel in its search for scientific truth during the next century? We can best guess at the changes of the future by reflecting upon those of the past; we can best understand what will be the condition of things a century hence by a glance at the condition of things a century ago. In 1781 we were still engaged in the struggle for independence. The population of the American colonies did not exceed four millions. We had no government worthy the name. During this period we carried the war to a successful issue. We organized the most ingenious, practical, simple, powerful political system ever devised by the brain of man, under which we have so increased and prospered that now we are the most powerful and most influential nation of the world; for American ideas in regard to social, political, and economical matters are spreading everywhere. During this period our vast domain has been tracked by innumerable railroads; steam power has been developed; naval architecture has given us ships whose vast draught, wonderful convenience, and great speed transcend the flight of the wildest fancy of the previous century. Distant neighborhoods are connected by telegraph and telephone; through our scientific contrivances, the sun has been compelled to paint our portraits and the stars to yield to us some of their mysteries; chemistry has caused nature to disclose largely the law which controls the material world; electricity has given hints of strange revolutions in the future, and new forces and powers for the use of man have been promised. All

this is but a small part of what has been accomplished in the last century. There is reason to believe that much greater scientific discovery, much more surprising revelations, will be made in the future. Let me express the hope that when this box is opened the whole country will be found prosperous and happy; the old commonwealth still regarded as the model State of the Union, and our beloved Boston the model city. Let me hope that the nation will then be found in a flourishing condition, and that those who shall be present on the occasion of this opening will seal up another box for another century, to open under the same auspices and circumstances upon which they do this. [*Applause.*]

Mayor Prince's keen wit, in his opening sentences, was the cause of much laughter; and at the close he was roundly applauded.

THE COMMANDER. — One of the oldest, if not the oldest member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company living to-day is present with us, and has been alluded to in the report of the committee on the box. You recognized the portrait there; and I now have the pleasure of presenting to you the original, Col. Marshall P. Wilder, Past Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [Music — "Auld Lang Syne."]

Col. Wilder was received with cheers and long-continued applause, as his venerable form appeared before the audience. A bright red sash over his shoulder and around his waist gave him a somewhat military and youthful aspect, although his hair was white and his body somewhat bent by the accumulation of years. His voice was clear and distinct, and with his old-time eloquence spoke as follows:—

SPEECH OF COL. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Mr. Commander, — I thank you most sincerely for the kind words you have spoken, and you, my fellow-comrades and fellow-citizens, for the generous reception you have given to the announcement of my name. You do me no more than justice, Mr. Commander, when you honor me with the title of an old commander, and consequently an old man; and it is true, for I come down to you from a former century. But there is consolation in being old; for I think the Good Book declares that "the hoary head is a crown of rejoicing if it be found in the paths of righteousness." But here comes the rub, Mr. Commander; for I have but few hoary locks left, and as to righteousness, I have none to speak of. But happy am I, I beg to assure you all, most happy, to be here once more, and to participate in the ceremonies of this most interesting occasion,—

here among the Ancients once more, and of whom, I really believe, I have the honor of being the most ancient present; here in old Faneuil Hall, whose time-honored walls have so often resounded with the rejoicings and music of the Ancients; here in the old Cradle of Liberty, which has so often rocked to the sweet songs of freedom, patriotism, and renown. Nothing could be more agreeable to my feelings than to share in the pleasures and privileges of this evening; nothing more grateful than to participate in the duty of treasuring up for transmission to future generations these memorials of the wonderful progress, prosperity, and power of our nation,—the first great, free, and independent nation on our globe, the strongest and best government in the world. Nothing could be more appropriate, Mr. Commander, than the selection of this day for these ceremonies,—the anniversary day of the landing of our fathers on these shores two hundred and sixty-one years ago. But the thought that most impresses me at this moment is the grand march of progress and improvement. Since that day—how marvellous the story! With what surprise and gratitude would that little band of colonists, with a few in Virginia, and a handful on the banks of the Hudson, have looked forward, could they but have had a glimpse of our vast territory, extending from ocean to ocean and from zone to zone; of its magnificent cities, renowned as those of the Old World; of the thousands upon thousands of populous towns and villages which have arisen as by enchantment in our own day; and the millions of happy homes, the schools, churches, scientific and benevolent institutions, and everything that pertains to the happiness and glory of a prosperous people, showered down like gems from the skies over our favored land! And how would they have rejoiced when rendering thanksgiving to God for the annual crop of twenty bushels of corn and six bushels of oats and peas, could they have had a vision of the more than two thousand millions of bushels, our annual grain crop,—sufficient to give almost two bushels of grain to every man, woman, and child on the globe. With what astonishment would they have looked forward to the present population of 50,000,000 of souls,—or to strain the vision of faith still farther, to the end of another hundred years, when, according to the best estimates, it may reach 250,000,000, and leave room for as many more!

But I must not prolong this strain of remark. The subject is too grand for my comprehension, too broad to be confined to the limits of a desultory speech. Suffice it to say that no nation for a thousand years has assumed such weighty responsibility. No nation has progressed so rapidly in growth, prosperity, and power. Mr. Commander, I rejoice in the antiquity and history of our ancient corps, and I pray that it may live on, and on, and on, through the centuries of all coming time! For two hundred and forty-three years it has stood as a faithful sentinel on the watch-towers of freedom: there may it stand forever! [*Long-continued applause.*]

THE COMMANDER. — The music which greeted Col. Wilder on his presentation will answer very well for the distinguished gentleman who is to follow him, and who for fifty-one consecutive years has been a member of this company. His talents have frequently been drawn upon in the service of the city, state, and country, and within two months the nation has again found it necessary to come to Massachusetts, and to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, for an orator. [*Applause.*] I have the honor of presenting to you the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. [*Loud applause and cheers, the entire audience rising.*]

SPEECH OF HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

I am greatly honored, Mr. Commander, in being called on to take ever so humble a part in your proceedings this evening; and I thank you all, ladies and gentlemen, for so friendly and flattering a reception. I could not resist the temptation to be present at this interesting ceremony; not only as one of the oldest honorary members of the corps, who marched in your ranks more than fifty years ago, and wielded a spontoon as your first lieutenant soon afterwards, but as the rightful representative of the old Puritan governor, by whom your charter was signed in 1638. I have come here, however, in accordance with the obliging invitation of your committee, only as a witness of the occasion, and with no purpose of attempting any formal address.

There is something of more than ordinary solemnity in the idea that we are about to seal up a box of varied historical and literary contents, to be handed down to our successors and opened by them a hundred years hence. I dare not follow his Honor, the Mayor, in conjecturing what may be the condition of our country or the world at that distant period. There is but one thing certain in regard to that opening; and that is, that no one of us can by any possibility be present at it. The youngest and the oldest of us are on a common footing in that regard. Not one of those now living will answer to the roll-call on that day. Not one of us can be summoned as a witness to that transaction. And who can tell, who shall venture to predict, in what place or presence, under what circumstances, and with what surroundings, that opening shall be made?

The most that we can do is to pass down the box to our posterity, with all our best hopes and wishes and prayers. Let us all unite in the hope that our city, our commonwealth, our whole country, may be found at that day in the enjoyment of unalloyed prosperity and peace, still holding up the electric light of Liberty to all the nations of the earth! Let us hope that old Faneuil Hall may still be standing here, though I would fain believe without the stalls and markets which so seriously endanger its security; and that the great principles which have given it such a glory in the past may still be cherished and revered by all who are privileged to enter it. Let us hope that this venerable corps, which, with its stated rotation in office, its strict subordination to civil authority, and

its annual religious exercises and sermon, combines and illustrates so many of the best elements of the Puritan character, so many of the peculiar characteristics of the noble Pilgrim Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock two hundred and sixty-one years ago yesterday, may still retain its efficient organization and high repute, and may be ready to unite then, as now, in upholding law and order at home, and in defending union and liberty against all assailants, domestic or foreign! And may we not even hope, too,—if anything so unimportant be worthy of a thought on this occasion,—that some of the old familiar and historic names of our city and commonwealth may then be not entirely forgotten, but may still be borne upon your roll by worthy descendants of those who have adorned that roll in former generations!

These, my friends, are some of the hopes and wishes and prayers which come to my mind, to my heart, to my lips, involuntarily, as I look on this box which we are just about to part with forever, and which is only to be seen again by those who shall succeed to our place a century hence. And I feel sure, in concluding my remarks with such hopes and prayers, that you will all unite with me in a fervent Amen.

The address of Mr. Winthrop was listened to with the closest attention, and at its termination the applause was long and hearty.

SEALING OF THE BOX.

THE COMMANDER.—You observe by the programme that the sealing of the box will now take place, and Mr. Hicks, who made it, will perform that duty.

The speaker's desk was then removed, and the box brought to the front of the platform, where it could be plainly seen; and, in the presence of the audience, who watched the proceedings with eager interest, Mr. Hicks performed his work, the band meanwhile playing appropriate music.

THE COMMANDER.—The box has been sealed sufficiently to make the cover tight. The work will be finished hereafter, in order that the further exercises of the evening may not be delayed.

Among the varied talents represented in the membership of the company are painters and poets, whose works have followed them into this building and the history of the Ancients. The armory above attests the painter's skill in a most striking battle scene, "Bringing up the Guns"; and from this rostrum will come, in brief time, evidence which will leave no doubt on your minds of the poetic merit of one of our most honored members. I take great pleasure in presenting to you Past Commander Major Charles W. Stevens. [*Applause.*]

Major Stevens was listened to with close attention and frequently applauded as he read this poem:—

Cradle of Liberty, proud Faneuil Hall!
 Could they but speak, how every burdened wall
 In words most eloquent would wake the past,
 Rending our ears as with a trumpet blast,
 Until with Babel sound thy roof would ring,
 As, vying to be foremost, each would bring
 Afresh to memory days of auld lang syne,
 With which in later years would intertwine
 New scenes, when from the busy, bustling day
 At noon-time you have stol'n an hour away,
 And hither bent your steps to cheer and aid
 Some fellow-creature crushed and sore dismayed,
 With open hand auspicious hope inspire
 In homes despoiled by famine, flood, or fire.

But walls are silent; silent, too, the tongue
 Of zealous patriot on whose lips have hung
 A trembling multitude of freemen, strong
 In might and will to right their country's wrong.
 Here met the Sons of Liberty, valiant hearts,
 To crush the "enemy's perfidious arts";
 Wild rang the bells on that November day,
 Filled every Tory breast with dire dismay:
 Forth went the verdict,—back must go the tea,
 No more oppression from across the sea;
 Hancock and Adams, Warren, Cushing, Rowe,
 Here planted precious seed that needs must grow.

The strife has ceased, and resting on their arms,
 No more disturbed by battle's loud alarms,
 Here our loved comrades round the festive board
 Rehearse the tale of hunger, toil, and sword:
 Brooks, Heath, and Lincoln, Winslow, Hull, and Bell,
 Brave men in battle, now their story tell,
 Proud to command a corps whose flag unfurled
 Long ere their advent to a stormy world.

Listen! anon there breaks upon the ear
 A "still small voice" to bondsmen whisp'ring cheer;
 Louder and stronger swell these words sublime,
 Freedom for all, of every race and clime:
 The cradle rocked, when Phillips fiercely poured
 Vials of wrath on freedom half restored;
 Echoed these walls to Sumner's mighty throes,
 To Parker's pleadings and to Wilson's blows.

And thou, thou great expounder of thy time,—
 Dare I approach thee in my feeble rhyme,

Picture the laurels which thy brow adorn
 As this grand canvas images thy form?
 Oh! could the witchery of painter's art
 To those closed lips, life's subtle breath impart,
 Heave that strong breast, awake that voice divine,
 And make those deep-set eyes with lustre shine,
 Hushed every breath to catch the old-time thrill, —
 Immortal Webster speaks, all else is still.

"Here Quincy's high career of worth was run.
 Who blessed his country when he gave his son."
 This couplet Everett wrote while yet a youth, —
 Poetic justice and a world of truth:
 That son still lives to bless the honored name
 So closely linked with our fair city's fame;
 Endear'd to us, we hold his memory sweet:
 Commander, comrade, friend, thy praise is meet.

Here our loved Andrew, gentle, strong, and true,
 Spoke of the future better than he knew;
 To breast the storm his clearer vision saw,
 Bade us in peace to be prepared for war;
 And when the black cloud burst and rent the air,
 His was the voice that with a father's care
 Cheered our brave soldiers foremost in the field,
 And mourned the hero stretched upon his shield.

And one, a valued member of our corps,
 Spake thus in Congress in the days of yore:
 "I speak for Faneuil Hall, for what it stands," —
 Our firm position among other lands;
 Strong bonds there are, bonds which we may not sever:
 "Dissolve the union of these States, — no, never!"
 Winthrop, who in the name of this proud dome
 Revered old mem'ries clust'ring round his home,
 Stands out to-day, Boston's distinguished son,
 Crowning at Yorktown early triumphs won.

But oh, too short the hour and brief my lay
 To speak of men or motive, or portray
 A tithe of what these cherished walls could tell
 Of fervid passion or of magic spell.

Yet one loved name comes trembling to my lip:
 Our cup of sorrow silently we sip,
 Bowing in sadness to His wise behest
 Who rules and governs, knowing what is best.
 Stood here that manly form, that soldier brave,
 Statesman who would his country's honor save;
 No love of place could swerve him from the right,
 Or blind his vision to the inward light.

Immortal Garfield, — comrade, brother, — all
 That worth could make thee lingers near thy pall.
 The wave that proudly bore upon its crest
 Aloft that noble, pure, and faithful breast;
 Has not receded far enough from sight
 To paint his virtues and his worth aright;
 Each hast'ning year shall add unto thy fame,
 And future history reverence thy name.

A sacred writer, ere his work was done,
 Proclaimed there's nothing new beneath the sun.
 Perhaps 't is so: the world is very old,
 And half its secret things are yet untold;
 But still, I trow, the modern song is true
 Which sang that every day brings something new.
 For sight like this within these hallowed walls
 Remembrance nor the pen of scribe recalls:
 Reserved for Captain Robert Keayne's command,
 Like Ariel to wave the magic wand,
 And from the wealth of Nature's fruitful mold
 Unite a new sensation to the old;
 Complete the work, sealed far beyond our day,
 Historic research and the poet's lay;
 Prophetic vision, dreams of what may come,
 A thousand pages slumber voiceless, dumb.

Of Boston's progress, institutions, fame,
 Whose pen than thine this pleasing task could claim;
 Than thine, whose name yon granite mart endears,
 Our Quincy, vigorous at fourscore years.

Fair Harvard, mother of our Academe,
 From her famed halls near Charles's classic stream,
 Sends us her greeting through the earnest thought
 Which gifted Eliot's noble theme has brought.

Nor has the muse been silent: 'neath yon dome
 Which cheers the wanderer hast'ning to his home,
 She mounts the fabled, sometimes willing steed,
 And sings in numbers lines we may not read.
 Oh that the Commonwealth's majestic seal
 Should hide from us what ages shall reveal!
 Our only solace in this sad eclipse, —
 Prose drops like poetry from some chosen lips.

Another seal protects from prying eyes
 "Religious views and present tendencies":
 I fancy that when our good brother Hale
 Impressed the melted wax, the scarlet veil
 That shut from sight his treasury of thought,
 He mused on what the century past had wrought,
 And shivered slightly at his question pat, —
 What would my ancestors have said to that?

To show how culture robes our sterile soil,
Not vainly Wilder burned his midnight oil:
If fruits and flowers only voice could claim,
In softest measures would they chant thy name;
For nobler form and brighter tints they bear
From thy ripe knowledge and protecting care.

Here too our Perkins' starry lustre shines,
Gives music sweeter notes, and art refines;
While Hartwell traces architecture rare,
From Noah's Ark to castles in the air;
Manners and customs Horton's pen arouses,
And Beard is quite at home with custom-houses.

Such but a glimpse of what the closed lid
Of this dull, cold, and senseless box has hid.
Bear thy rich burden on through all our fears
Down the long vista of a hundred years;
Then, when perchance the marble o'er our clay
Grows dim with age as time rolls swift away,
Our children's children shall unloose thy seal,
And all thy wondrous wealth of thought reveal.

THE COMMANDER. — The Hon. Henry P. Kidder, who was to address you, is suffering from a severe cold, and is unable to be present. I therefore resort to another past commander, who has come here directly from the fulfilment of an engagement at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Union, unprepared to tell you anything with regard to the future, but who will tell you something about what he knows of the past. I have the pleasure of presenting General Henry K. Oliver.

SPEECH OF GEN. HENRY K. OLIVER.

Mr. Commander, — Yesterday morning as I was passing in rear of the State House, down-town, as unsuspecting of danger as a cradled babe, I was suddenly surrounded and made prisoner by a most courteous but persistent highwayman, or high-Wyman,* who informed me that I *was wanted* at this ceremony, to be served up and sacrificed thereat, as a vicarious kid, in event of the expected non-appearance of the selected Kid-der, who had been saved from victimization by the providential interposition of a sore throat. Happy Kidder! as whose substitute "Jack-at-a-pinch," and apologetic "half-loaf-better-than-no-bread," I am intercalated. Interceding with my captor, I pleaded, "Why, Wyman, I can't, Wyman! and I'll tell you why, Wyman! I am already booked for that evening for service at the Young Men's Christian Union. But don't misunderstand me; it is not at a union of Christian men at 'Young's,' † but at another more

* Alluding to Col. Wyman of the Ancient and Honorable.

† A celebrated hotel of Boston.

quiet resort on Boylston street. Beside all that, what can I say? It is many years, to my great regret, since I participated in any of the pleasant gatherings of your corps, and I have long been enrolled on its retired list. Of its history, indeed, I know something, and of its annual gorgeous ceremonies." We were then on Park street, and I gave some reminiscences of the old-time parades, — as we glanced at the Common, — of my trotting, with many another lad, alongside the ancient men-at-arms of the corps, whose "Captains," as said Dr. Coleman, in his sermon of 1738, "awed their families and neighbors by their gravity and their piety, and frightened their enemies by their boldness and firmness. The natives trembled when they saw them train, and old and young revered them as they passed along in martial order, — in scarlet coats, crimson stockings with golden clocks wrought thereon, silver-buckled shoes, and cocked-up hats trimmed with gold lace."

In the days of my boyhood their appearance was less gorgeous; they wearing chapeaux with an eighteen-inch black plume, blue coats trimmed with red and white, white vests and white breeches, white gaiters up to the knee, with black buttons, and long hair turned up and powdered. Both these elaborate styles of garmenting have passed away, that of our day being too varied to be particularized. But not passed away, as I hope, are "the gravity, the firmness, the boldness, the dignity, and the piety." Most of the earlier members were members of the church, but it is to be noted that both church and non-church were impartially required to furnish two bondsmen to be held responsible for payment, if recruits, of all fines and assessments, as well as for good conduct. This custom is now "honored in its breach and not in its observance," faith in manhood seeming to have become substitute for bonds. Nor is it certain that were churchly statistics now inaugurated, they would show as large a proportion as would the older days of "members in good and regular standing" in ecclesiastical connections. I would not urge the experiment.

Ah! with what awe-stricken eyes did we younglings gaze as we saw "the conquering heroes come," moving along with dignified step, the more elderly just a trifle blown towards post-prandial twilight, but all armed to the teeth, and resolute to do duty whenever such duty should be accurately determined. How the "spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," did excite our little souls; and how, more specially, did the band, with its now ignored bassoons and serpents, its horns and trumpets, allure and delight us! How, with wondering glance and ravished eye, did we survey the rarely seen governor, that dignified "coinage of our little brain," as in plainest attire, but with bespangled attendants, he marched with measured tread from State House to Common, and then, 'mid roar of cannon, leaving his escort, he "took his chair," surrounded by a group of dignitaries beneath the "shady shadow of the umbrageous"

elms that skirted the Beacon street side, where then was no mall; and then how the heroes wheeled into line in front of the wondrous man and his yet more wondrous retinue, upon the then open area just west of Park street mall, with its double row of straight-limbed poplars, not a tree standing on the Common between said mall and the big elm, — now, alas! gone the way of all elms. Then I added how, for satisfactory reasons, all the lowing and lowly kine, and how, for unsatisfactory reasons, every man, woman, and child with slightest taint of negro blood, — not even an octoroon spared, — were driven from parade ground and Common, the darkies fleeing to "Nigger Hill"; how our wondering gaze, after certain drum-head operations, saw marching up to the governor, to the solemn strains of slow music, each with a long spear-tipped spontoon, certain officials of the corps, who, after a brief antiphonal chat with the great man, rapidly marched back again, but minus the spontoon, and then mingled in with their undistinguished comrades; while we small boys

"Still gazed, and still the wonder grew,"
What it all meant, and why this great ado!

"Good," said my captor, "good; why, yes, that will do right well, — make a familiar talk of such reminiscences, and it will please us all, Col. Wilder and all the rest of the boys: for I think there is some danger that the occasion may be a trifle too soberish." So, cleaving unto me, his prisoner, somewhat closer than unto a brother, he escorted me, *secundum artem*, to your Capt. Cundy, by whom I was duly mustered in for this occasion, and done for. In obedience to his orders, I will detain you with a few extemporals that I have scribbled out.

I have many ancestral associations with this ancient corps: Capt. Keayne, its originator, and most practical friend and benefactor, having been, in some degree, related to the Oliver tribe of Boston, to which I belong, and which has been here and hereabouts since 1632, — its ancestor of that date having then come hither from England, say half a dozen years before the formation of this corps. I think that he was not enrolled therein, but he belonged to the "church militant," being Ruling Elder of the First Church of Boston, then standing (that is, the church, not the elder) on State, near Devonshire street; a surgeon by profession, and so well in favor with his townsmen that when, in 1646, they voted that "thereafter, no horses should be pastured on the Common among the seventy milch cows thereon permitted to graze," they excepted the horse of Elder Thomas Oliver, because he (the elder, not the horse) was esteemed to be among the more excellent of the colony. The good man's bones lie buried somewhere near the middle of the Stone Chapel Burying-Ground. And behold, his son James became successively ensign, lieutenant, and captain of this ancient train-band; his other son, Peter, becoming also its ensign and captain. The tribe furnished likewise a charter member, Col. John Oliver, in 1638, who before emigration had

been a member of the prototype Artillery Company of London, created in the reign of the much-married bluff King Harry VIII.; it has given to the company four captains, half a dozen lieutenants, as many ensigns, and a cart-load or two of high privates. So we may, with shadow of reason, claim a sort of hereditary right to be continued on your roll. Regretting a long-enforced absence, I hope, ere mustered out of life's brief day, to be permitted to sit among its battle-scarred veterans at some future festive rallyings.

Every reader of the history of this company — who is familiar with the history of the colony and province of Massachusetts — will be struck with the intimate relation between the two, as evinced in the recurrence in each of the names of the same civil, religious, military, and leading men. Up to 1646, there had been enrolled "two hundred and forty-five members of all professions and occupations, — distinguished citizens, municipal officers, church elders, and deacons," and the very best and most trusted members of society. To be recorded as an admitted freeman, a member of a church, and a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, was highest honor. On its roll are found three sons of Governor Winthrop, who, though himself at first not favorably disposed, for fear of inaugurating any standing military order, signed its charter and became its friend. To these may be added — and all prior to the year 1700, and many of them graduates of Harvard — representatives of the Hutchinson, Saltonstall, Eliot, Oliver, Leverett, Phillips, Quincy, Dudley, Brattle, Lynde, and Sewall, and Savage families, and out of them some half-dozen governors. And these firstlings of the corps, represented all down the roll by direct descendants, have been supplemented by the Wendells, Bulfinches, Walleys, Endicotts, Winslows, Sullivans, Heaths, Lincolns, Welleses, Dearborns, Sumners, Lymans, and Brooks; among whom I find half a dozen generals of the Revolutionary War, as well as officers of distinction in the war with England of 1812, in the Mexican war of 1846, — represented now by your comrade, Col. Isaac Hull Wright, who bears the name of the gallant captain of "Old Ironsides," when she, in thirty minutes, knocked into chips a frigate of his Britannic Majesty, King George III. A glance around this hall shows also the faces of scores of men who, in the late struggle for the life and permanence of the nation, gave to their country the bravest support and most unflinching courage. On all occasions of danger to nation or state, it has been prompt and timely in response; and in fact, its history shows that in all the perils of the early Indian and French wars, the colonists seemed naturally, and as it were instinctively, to appeal for protection, and to secure it, under the shielding of this corps. I am no advocate of war. Most wars have been waged for the benefit of the few, and not for the advancement of the many. War defies all power of invective denunciation; but when all else fails, it crushes bad principles, baffles tyranny, and makes or saves a nation. And all history testifies that when politicians make wars, soldiers end them. [*Applause.*]

In conclusion, the traditions and usages of this company all tend to illustrate its well-won good name, and to show its adherence to all the essentials of liberty, equality, and true democracy. It has never recognized any claim to social or military rank other than that of a good record and an honorable citizenship. Its favors have been impartially distributed, and its annual rotation from office to the ranks and from the ranks to office, is its normal proclamation of an unchanging creed and a practical democracy. Its declaration is, has been, and will be, —

No royal blood with us is ever known;
We own the diadem and bestow the crown;
We all are kings, and fill in turn the throne.

Never offend nor violate that creed; and as from the fathers you have received an honorable name, so keep it, and so hand it down, untarnished, to those that shall follow you. [*Applause, long and loud.*]

The opening sentences of General Oliver's address were received with much laughter, and throughout its entire delivery the speaker held the assemblage attentive listeners.

THE COMMANDER. — Both church and state have always been prominently represented in our corps. Sometimes, in our search for a chaplain, we do not hesitate to go outside the limits of the city. We have been accused of not only borrowing a chaplain upon one occasion, but of absolutely capturing a very worthy divine in a neighboring town, and bringing him to Boston, where he is now one of the best known of the profession. He is your friend, he is our friend, and upon all occasions willing to serve the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. I am pleased to present to you Rev. Edward A. Horton, past chaplain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Applause and cheers.*]

SPEECH OF REV. EDWARD A. HORTON.

Mr. Commander, Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Ladies and Gentlemen, — The time which we might justly give to these interesting exercises has been well filled with appropriate expressions from entertaining speakers. I briefly congratulate you on the happy termination of this notable enterprise. We, the spectators of this event, can hardly gauge its importance. Only in one way can we rise somewhat to a true sense of the occasion. Imagine this scene changed in so far as this: that we are opening a box sealed for one hundred years, instead of assisting to close one for a century. Imagine the keen expectancy, the intense reverence, the pathetic feeling with which we should all await the disclosure. Time and space would seem annihilated, and the dead awake to speak to us. Imagine what light would be thrown on subjects obscure, and the half-mythical life of our ancestors leap into vivid distinctness.

A thrill of peculiar emotion would pervade this assembly, truly felt only by those who love their native land and cherish its memories. In some such fashion we may picture the day and the hour when this box, containing material familiar to us all, shall be unsealed, bringing this generation face to face with the men and women of 1981.

Our esteemed Mayor has referred to the possibility that some of us may be looking down from abodes on high at that time, and some looking up from abodes not so blissful. But I remember one of Friend Hale's maxims, "To look up and not down," which interpreted unto that time may mean that some of us may be looking up from our business below, where rescue, good works, and salvation may call us. The duty of helping humanity will never cease. I cannot refrain from adding, in this connection, that while New York is often called a "bossed" city, Boston may fitly be termed an *embossed* city; for with a chief magistrate so graceful and poetic and scholarly, our civic reputation is handsomely adorned.

The humble part I contribute to this collected literature is given with a serenity unknown to all my previous writing. The vision of critics never haunted me. The clergyman of to-day is fair game for dissection, and he receives it on all hands, — at church, when he preaches; at home, when he listens to the terrible candor of his wife; at the hands of some Mentor friend, who spies out all the weak spots. A society for the prevention of cruelty to ministers is the next humane movement needed. Let me add a very important suggestion to you, Mr. Commander. The progress of "woman's rights" is so rapid that there may be women on some of your committees in the future. Be wise, and hedge this box about with a vote, an unchangeable edict, that no woman shall serve on the committee appointed to the custodianship of this treasure; for in case they are admitted the box will surely be opened before the appointed time, so strong is Mother Eve's trait in her daughters. [*Laughter.*]

But, seriously, — and the best phase of this hour is serious, — I congratulate you on three things: first, that you, as an organization, are doing so much to preserve valuable relics, historic treasures, and all links of ancestral citizenship; second, that you have selected for this exercise a day so fraught with memories that eloquence cannot escape your speakers; third, that you continue to represent and body forth some of life's nobler sentiments. The lesson of the hour is loyalty: to this flag, twined all about old Faneuil Hall, — a flag dyed red with patriot's blood, made white by the victories of human rights, and blue with the azure of justice; loyalty to the principles that survive men and measures, the truths that steered the "Mayflower," built the Capitol, wrote the Declaration of Independence, and chiselled the pillars of our Constitution. An orator once said that the Pilgrims knew little of architecture: verily, they knew how to build a republic, and century by century we work on, completing the plan. Let us value the prose of life, but beware its exaggeration. Sidney Smith said of a man utterly matter-of-fact and sordidly utili-

tarian, that if a gimlet were stuck into him sawdust would come out. The prose of life tills the field, starts whirring industry, breaks down the mountain for steam travel, and binds land to land with commerce. All honor to the material progress of the world! But there is a degree where the sentiments are crushed, and with them go the preservative powers which hold humanity in allegiance to ideals, to sacrifice, to historic reverence, to grand ambitions. It is because Boston has cherished sentiment, wedding it to reason; because she has had her Faneuil Hall, sacred by inspiring associations; because she has taught her children the spirit of emulation, and guided them with ancestral examples; because she lives not for her own present satisfaction alone, but for a future,—for these and kindred reasons our city witnesses a scene like this, and listens to noble speech.

Here is a Bible that links us impressively with the past.* It was printed in 1599, and was the property of John Alden, who came in the "Mayflower,"—"a strapping youth," as the record runs. Think of what this book has been: over it youth and old age have bent; it embalms the prayers of households; from its prophetic passages men took courage to fight for civil and religious liberty; its pages have been the consolation of mothers in times when the sons were facing death. We turn the leaves reverently for what they epitomize.

The box is sealed; we end our exercises. When this lid is opened, may our flag still float over a united country, its plantations white with cotton and its towns sunny with peace in the South; its North a vigorous and liberty-loving folk as of old. May the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company be young as ever, stirring the echoes on every June Monday; may freedom in religion have wrought its more perfect work; and may there be those in that day who shall find some proof that we in our day and generation helped on the Republic's welfare. [*Loud applause.*]

At the close of Mr. Horton's address, which throughout its delivery was received with the utmost attention and manifestations of approval, the audience arose and joined in singing "America," the band accompanying. This concluding the "ceremony of sealing the century box," Commander Cundy extended a cordial invitation to all present to visit the armory of the company on the upper floor, of which hundreds of those present availed themselves. Here they inspected the arms, colors, and equipments of the company,—the portraits of its past commanders, extending back to Major Thomas Savage,

* Here Mr. Horton held up a well-preserved volume.

whose first term as commander was in 1651,—its museum, library, and portraits of fallen heroes, and other material which the company is now engaged in securing, and which it is intended to make one of the most interesting collections relating to military events of the past which is to be found in the country. That the exercises of the evening were of the most gratifying character is attested by the unanimous declarations of those who were present.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The invitations issued included officers of the veteran organizations and militia of New England, and some in New York, besides persons distinguished in civil life. A few of the many interesting letters received are appended.

Although His Excellency the Governor was absent, he did not forget the occasion, and sent the following despatch:—

TELEGRAM FROM HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR LONG.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1881.

TO COL. EDWARD WYMAN, Boston, Mass.:

Impossible to return in time. May the Ancients a century hence open the box, and learning what were the graces of their company in 1881, imitate their good works!

JOHN D. LONG.

FROM HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, COMMANDER IN 1829.

TO CAPT. WM. H. CUNDY, *Chairman of the Committee on Invitations:*

Dear Sir,—I regret that absence from the city will prevent me from witnessing the sealing of the box containing those confidential messages to posterity which you are about to launch on the stream of time. I was admitted a member of the corps, Aug. 16, 1823, and suppose I am now the oldest living private, as well as the only commander who has seen the fifty-third anniversary of his election. I mention these circumstances as a sufficient reason for my absence in the body, which, to say the truth, no longer takes kindly to locomotion. In the spirit, I shall certainly take my old place in the ranks, rejoicing in the prosperity of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and predicting that it will survive, even to that blessed day when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and study war no more. I have the honor to be,

Very truly yours,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

QUINCY, Dec. 20, 1881.

FROM REV. ROBERT COLLYER, CHAPLAIN IN 1881.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1881.

Gentlemen,—I regret to say I cannot come to Boston on the 22d, to witness the ceremony of sealing up the documents for one hundred years. But we shall think of it with great interest, and with a certain tempered pleasure, also, because we have a stake in it,—quite a wooden one, no doubt, but still it is something to think of, that in a century from now, the Ancient and Honorable sermon of last year may turn up, though those who get hold of the forlorn and dry bones may say, Who in the world was this Robert Collyer? Yet as it was matter of great pride to the poor fellow that the king had spoken to him one day, though it was found he had only said, "Get out of the way, you clodhopper!" when his majesty was hunting; so as I think of the kingly presences that will bend over the century-old box, and even give an impatient glance at the "effort," it makes a little glow about the heart,—as of course the Ancient and Honorable Artillery will have grown by that time to a greatness of which we cannot even dream. And the estimate your chaplain of the day tried to make of your dignity and worth, so capitally indorsed by the governor that you could not do enough to show your delight, will be found then to be a true prophecy of your growth; and your descendants will wonder how the sons of Belial ever should have set the rumor afloat that certain of the Ancient and Honorables did not care for it in these days, except as it brought them together once a year to have a good time in "Old Fanule," and gave them perpetual exemption from certain taxes.

Indeed yours,

ROBERT COLLYER.

FROM EX-GOVERNOR ALEXANDER H. RICE.

BOSTON, Dec. 23, 1881.

Gentlemen,—I was unexpectedly called to New York, on Monday last, by the death of an intimate friend, and was thereby deprived of the pleasure of attending the interesting ceremony last evening, in Faneuil Hall, of "sealing the century box," and also of making an earlier acknowledgment of your courteous invitation, for which please to accept my thanks.

Very truly yours,

ALEX. H. RICE.

Capt. W. H. CUNDY, }
 Col. EDW. WYMAN, } *Com. A. & H. A. Co.*
 Lieut. GEO. H. ALLEN }

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

President Eliot presents his compliments to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and regrets that a previous engagement prevents him from accepting the invitation to be present at the ceremony of sealing the century box on Dec. 22.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 21, 1881.

FROM COL. EMMONS CLARK, NEW YORK SEVENTH.

HEADQUARTERS 7TH REGIMENT NATIONAL GUARD, S. N. Y.,
NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1881.

CAPT. WM. H. CUNDY, Boston, Mass.:

Captain,—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 17th inst., with invitation to be present at the sealing of the century box, on 22d inst., and regret that prior engagements will deprive me of the pleasure. Appreciating the honor conferred by your invitation, and congratulating you upon the age and fame of your distinguished organization, I am, with great respect,

Yours truly,

EMMONS CLARK,

Colonel Commanding 7th Reg't.

FROM DR. C. P. THAYER.

BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1881.

My Dear Sir,—Your kind invitation to be present at the ceremony of sealing the century box is received, and it will give me great pleasure to accept the same, and contribute for use upon that occasion, if your honorable committee so desire, the original Bible brought to this country in 1620, on the "Mayflower," by John Alden, "a strapping youth, who first leaped upon the rock." With great regard, I am

Yours very truly,

C. P. THAYER, M. D.

Capt. W. H. CUNDY.

FROM MAJOR FRANCIS BRINLEY, COMMANDER IN 1848, 1852, 1853.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 19, 1881.

Gentlemen,—I am very sorry that a previous engagement puts it out of my power to be present at Faneuil Hall on the 22d inst., at the interesting ceremonies proposed by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, for sealing the century box. When the box shall be unsealed one

hundred years hence, may it be in an era of good-will among men, unlike the opening of the second seal in Revelations, which heralded the taking of peace from earth. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

FRANCIS BRINLEY.

Capt. WILLIAM H. CUNDY, }
Col. EDWARD WYMAN, } *Committee on Invitations.*
Lieut. GEO. H. ALLEN, }

FROM LIEUT. GEORGE H. WHITMAN, CLERK OF THE COMPANY FROM
1833 TO 1841.

BILLERICA, Dec. 21, 1881.

CAPT. WM. H. CUNDY AND OTHERS, *Committee, etc.:*

Enjoying the charms of a severe influenza, I regret being absent from a peep into your century box on the evening of Forefathers' Day. The thing is a manifest improvement on the telephone, when you wish to commend a glowing sentiment to remote ages. Permit, therefore, a Boston boy, and one of the Ancients of 1830, to say to the moderns of 1980, "Always keep alive the fire of patriotism, as Boston and this corps have done, and your roll and record will be as deserving of remembrance."

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE H. WHITMAN.

FROM MAJOR AARON D. CAPEN, PRESENT AT THE MEETING.

MATTAPAN, Dec. 17, 1881.

Gentlemen,—I thank you sincerely for your invitation to be present "at the ceremony of sealing the century box," in Faneuil Hall, on the evening of Forefathers' Day, Dec. 22, 1881. I accept it with pleasure, as a reminder of friendships and relations formed more than fifty years ago with members of our veteran and distinguished organization. I can think of nothing except sickness or tempestuous weather to prevent my attendance. I have written this on paper which has been in my possession almost half a century.* Very respectfully and very truly,

Your obedient servant,

AARON D. CAPEN.

Capt. WILLIAM H. CUNDY, }
Col. EDWARD WYMAN, } *Committee.*
Lieut. GEO. H. ALLEN, }

* A note sheet of excellent quality.

FROM CAPT. OTIS DRURY, WHO JOINED THE COMPANY IN 1827.

BOSTON, Dec. 19, 1881.

CAPT. WM. H. CUNDY:

Dear Sir,—Your note received this morning, inviting Mrs. Drury and myself to be present at the sealing of the century box, on Dec. 22. We thank you for your kindness, and would be very happy to be present, but my health will not admit of my going out in the evening and being in so large a company as will probably be present. Please accept our wishes for a pleasant gathering.

Yours, with respect,

OTIS DRURY.

FROM COL. CHARLES A. MACOMBER, COMMANDER IN 1839.

Charles A. Macomber regrets that the infirmities attending old age force him to decline the very kind invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts for Thursday evening, 22d inst.

COCHESSETT, Dec. 20, 1881.

FROM CAPT. GEORGE W. CRAM, SECOND LIEUTENANT IN 1845.

BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1881.

Gentlemen,—Your kind invitation of the 17th is received, inviting me to be present at the ceremony of sealing the century box, containing papers and letters missive relating to our time and to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Boston, to be transmitted to our successors in 1980. Thanking you for the compliment, I shall consider it a privilege to be present, and hope and desire that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company will continue to exist until reason, common-sense, and justice shall be able to settle all disputes which may arise between all nations on the face of the earth, without the aid of wicked torpedoes or the powerful guns now being manufactured by the most civilized and Christian nations of the earth.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE W. CRAM.

Capt. WILLIAM H. CUNDY, }
Col. EDWARD WYMAN, } *Committee on Invitations.*
Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, }

FROM MAJOR GEORGE W. McLEAN, COMMANDER OF THE OLD GUARD,
NEW YORK.

HEADQUARTERS OLD GUARD VETERAN BATTALION,
NO. 1 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET, COR. FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1881.

CAPT. WILLIAM H. CUNDY, *Chairman, etc.*:

My Dear Captain, — I very much regret that home engagements will prevent my accepting your very kind invitation to be present at the ceremony of sealing the century box, to take place at Faneuil Hall on the 22d inst. The best wish that I can make for those who are to open the box in 1930 is that they may be as worthy of the confidence, love, and esteem of their fellow-countrymen as are the men who transmit the memorial of their day to their successors a century hence.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE W. McLEAN.
Major O. G.

FROM REV. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY, CHAPLAIN IN 1869.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 21, 1881.

Gentlemen, — I thank you most sincerely for the invitation tendered me to attend the "ceremony of sealing the century box" of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. It will be a very delightful occasion, and I regret that my engagements will prevent my being present to participate in the exercises, and to enjoy the addresses, poem, etc., which you so generously promise. We must all regard with still greater regret our inability to be present at the opening of the box in 1930; an occasion which will be especially interesting to a citizen of Rhode Island, for by that time, doubtless, she will have annexed the rest of New England, and Boston will be but a ward of the city of Providence. But whatever may happen, we shall die in peace, knowing that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery will flourish in immortal youth. Believe me,

Very truly and gratefully yours,

AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.

BOX FOR 1930.

COLLECTIONS have been made, consisting of various newspapers, pamphlets, account of the sealing of the century box in Faneuil Hall, Dec. 22, 1881; several badges worn by officers and committees of the company; letters from the commanders in 1880-81 and 1881-82 to the commander in 1930; addresses by the boys of the Boston Latin and English High Schools of to-day to their successors in 1930, the former written by Master Norman Ilsley Adams, and the latter by Master Henry T. Parker, each signed by the writer and twelve or fifteen of their respective schoolmates. These papers are exceedingly well prepared, and give a very interesting account of school life at the present time. The foregoing, with a small quantity of coffee and a box of cigars, and the box closed in Faneuil Hall for our successors in 1930, will be enclosed in a copper box, twenty-six inches long, seventeen inches wide, and ten inches high, handle on each end, and addressed as follows: —

TO THE COMMANDER
OF THE
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts
For 1930-1931.

To be opened September 17, 1930.

The undersigned committee enjoin all those who from year to year shall have charge of this box to guard it most sacredly.

Colonel EDWARD WYMAN, Captain JOHN LINDSAY STEVENSON,
Major CHARLES WOODBURY STEVENS, Captain ALBERT ALONZO FOLSOM,
Lieutenant GEORGE HENRY ALLEN.

Commander 1881-1882, Captain WILLIAM HENRY CUNDY.